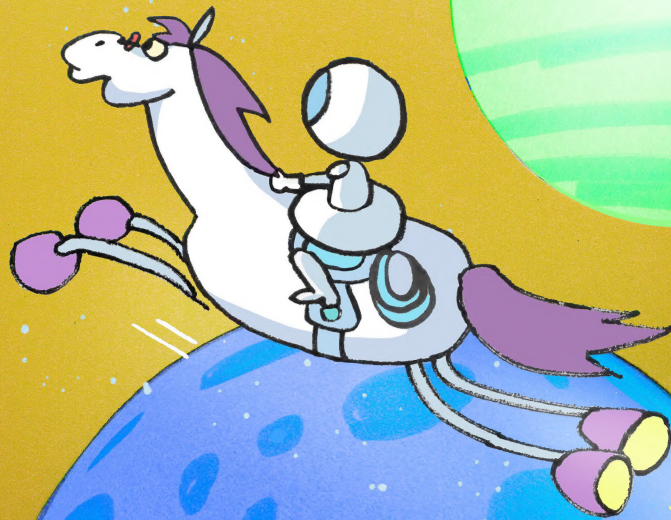


Mary Farfisa wonders about things.

What song does a star sing, when it's all by  
itself? What sound does a comet make, when it's  
flying around?

Does the Sun play  
the drums?

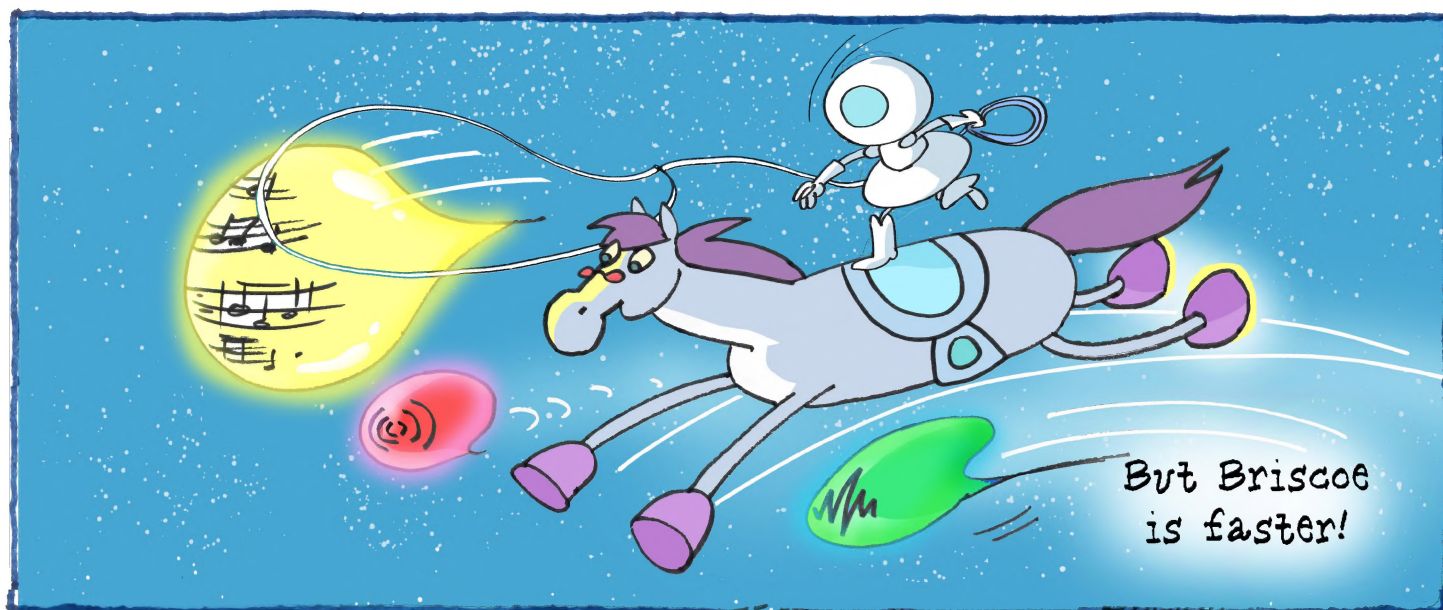
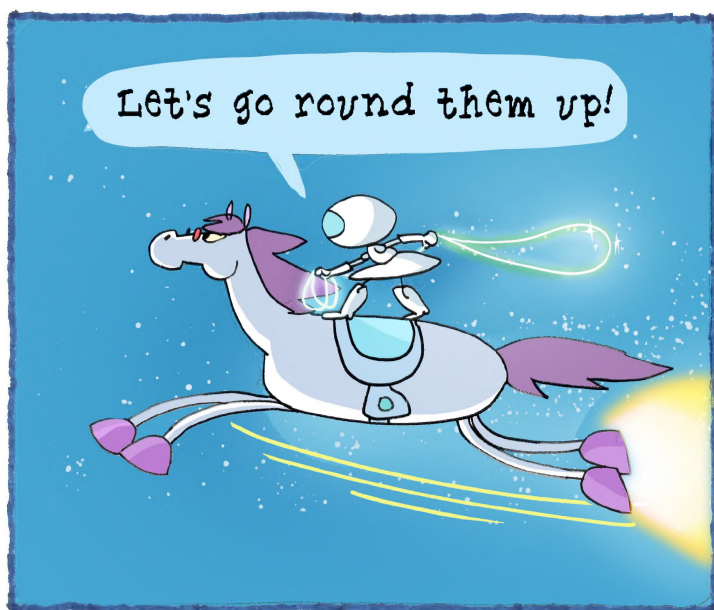


Does the Moon have  
a favorite tune?

Mary flies through the  
Galaxies, looking for  
songs and sounds  
and music and noise.

She says they're as  
much fun as a box  
full of toys.



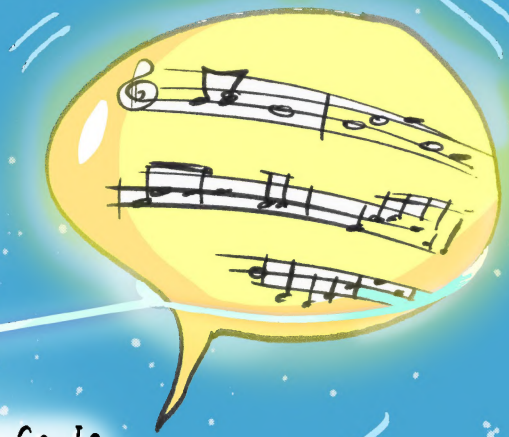




Mary Farfisa is an  
audio wrangler --

She catches old sounds  
in her audio lasso --

-- before they fade  
away completely!



Good work,  
Mary! We got  
all of them!

We'll take them to  
the Listener's Library!

So they can  
be heard again!



Maybe we caught  
something amazing!

Like the **Sniff**  
of a prehistoric  
frovchpin ...





The growl of an  
irritated byndersmuppy ...



Or the plaintive  
melody of a lost  
Bazorbabilian  
song!



And -- speaking of  
Bazorbabil -- we're  
right above it!

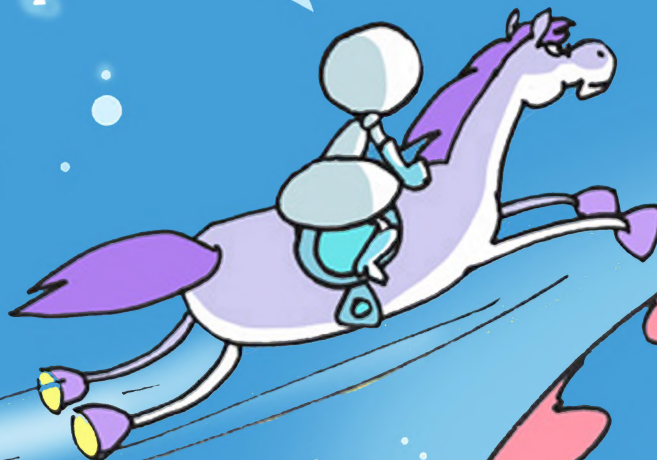
Let's go down to the  
surface! It's a really  
pretty planet!

Sure,  
why not?

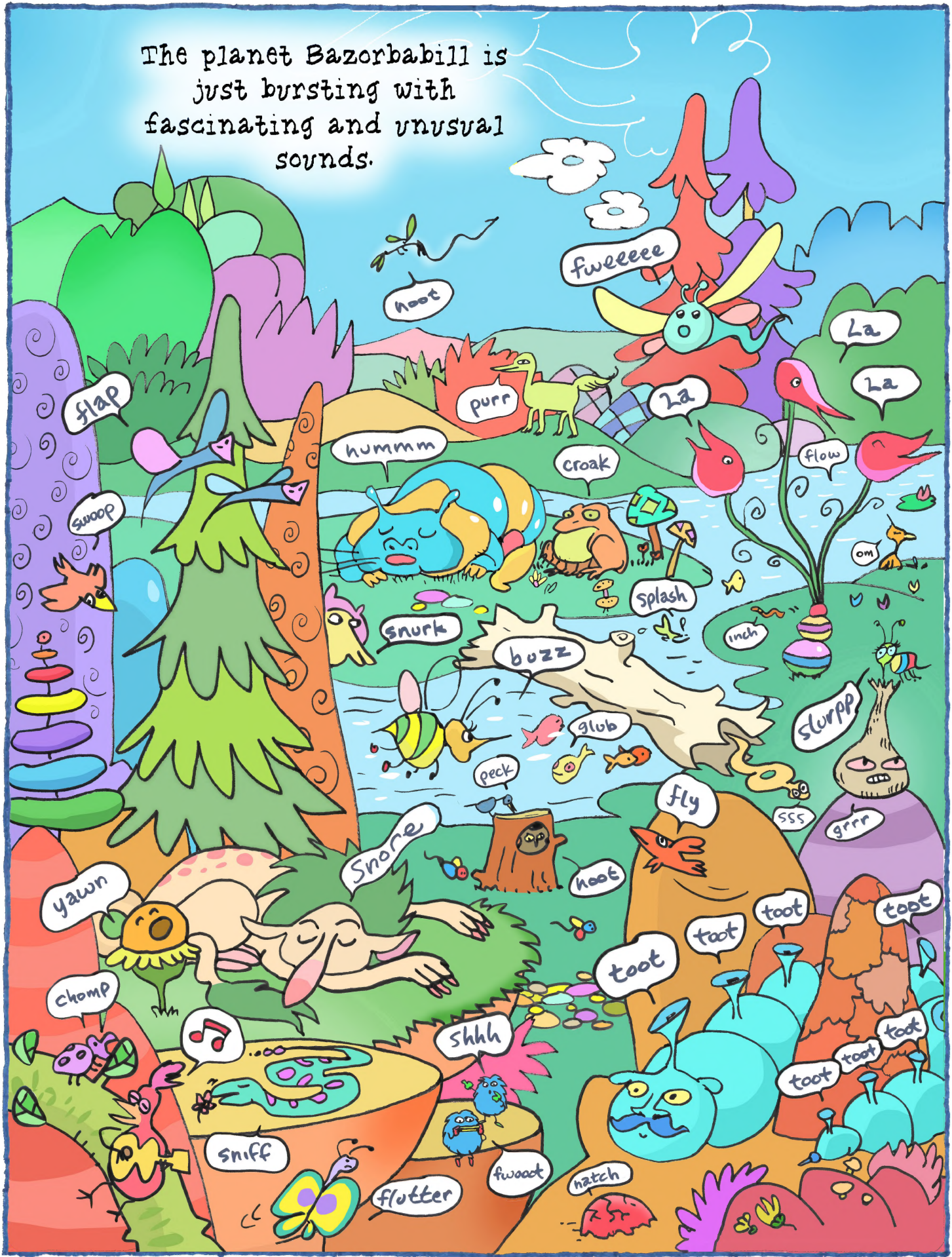
# Mary Farfisa

in "THE SOUND STEALER"

by  
Jim Cheff





[illegible]

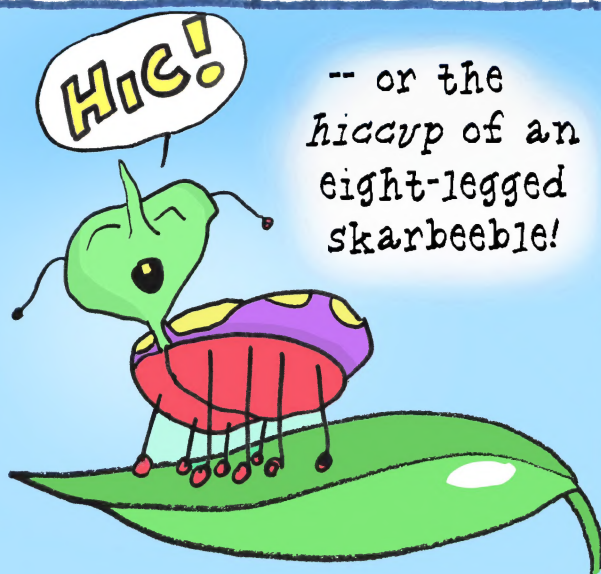


On Bazorbabill,  
you might hear the snores  
of a sleeping rumpfsnerdel--



The ROAR  
of a rowdy  
thundersnoot--

The **HOOT!** of a  
rambunctious flingerbling --



-- or the  
hiccup of an  
eight-legged  
skarbeeble!

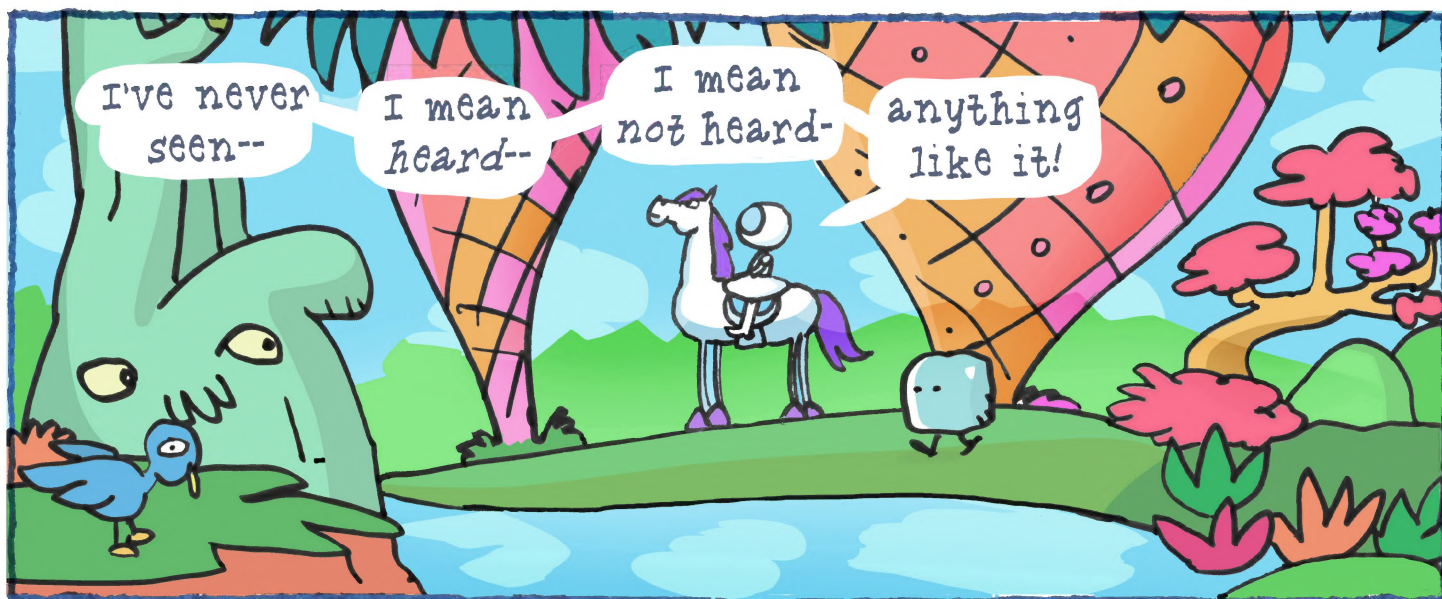
So how  
come ...

...it's so  
**QUIET!**

I don't  
hear a  
single  
sound!

Something's wrong,  
Briscoe. We've got to get  
to the bottom of this!





The whirly-birds  
have lost  
their whistle ...



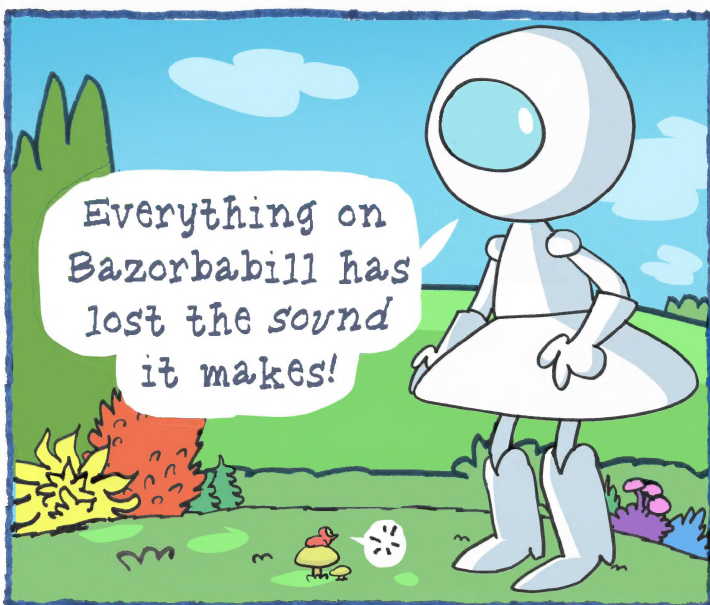
The krokkagators  
have lost their  
chomp ...



and the flip-  
flaps have lost  
their flop!

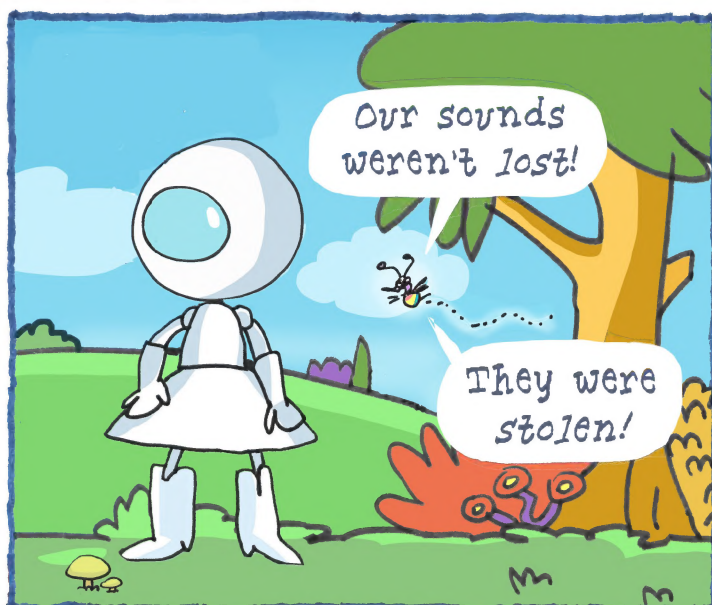


Everything on  
Bazorbabill has  
lost the sound  
it makes!

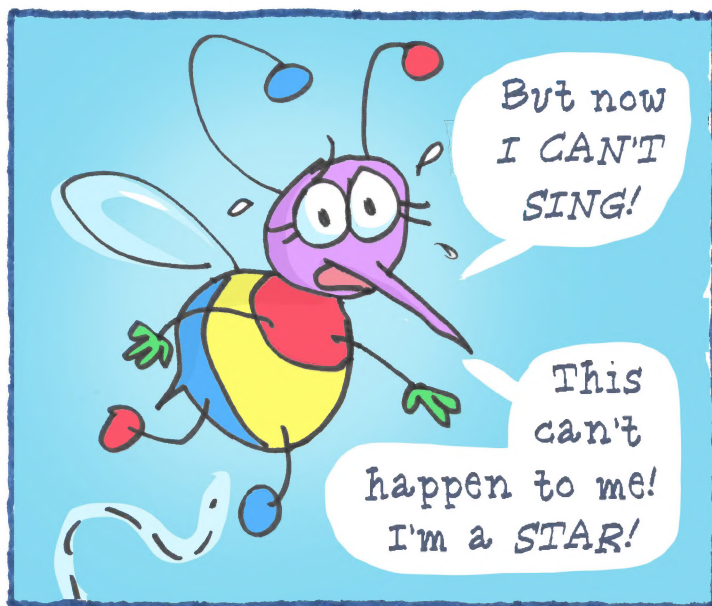
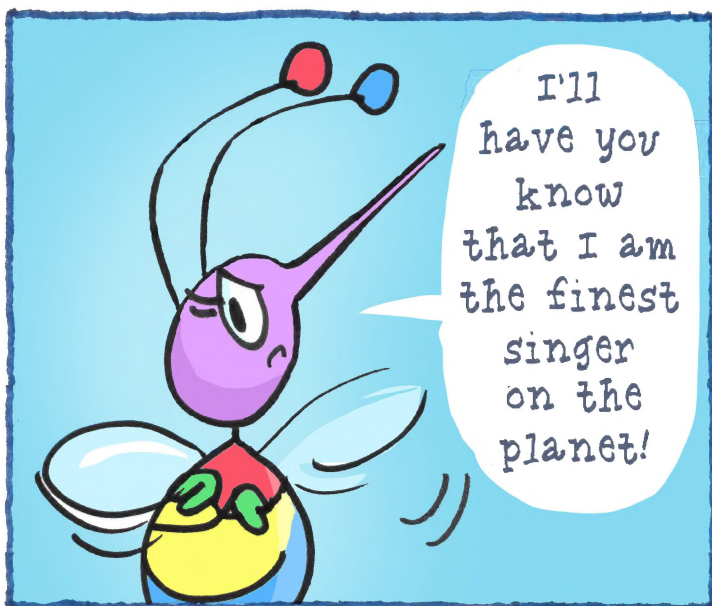
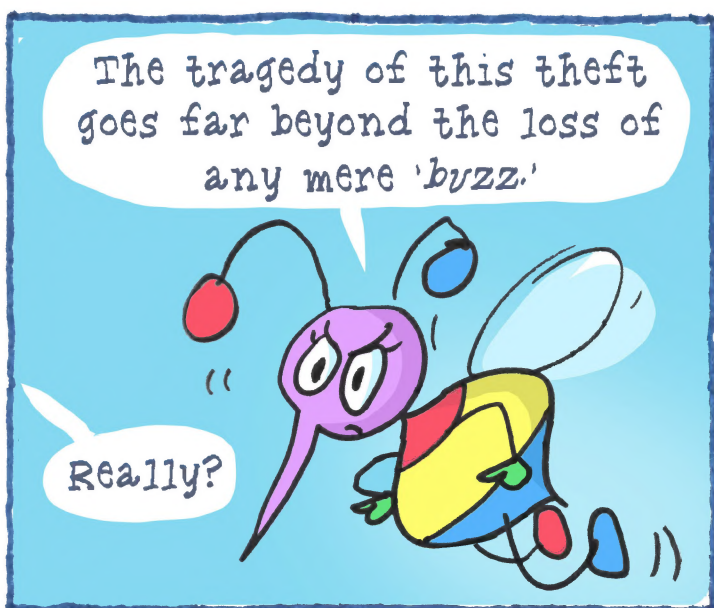
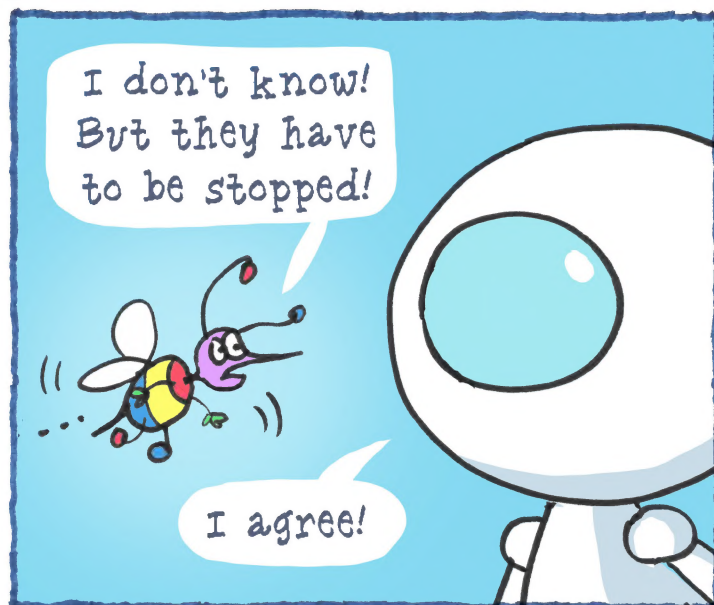
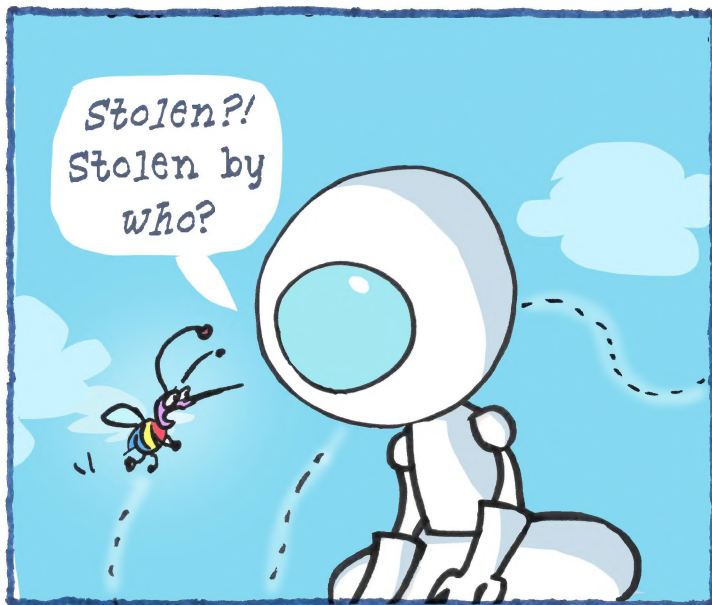


Our sounds  
weren't lost!

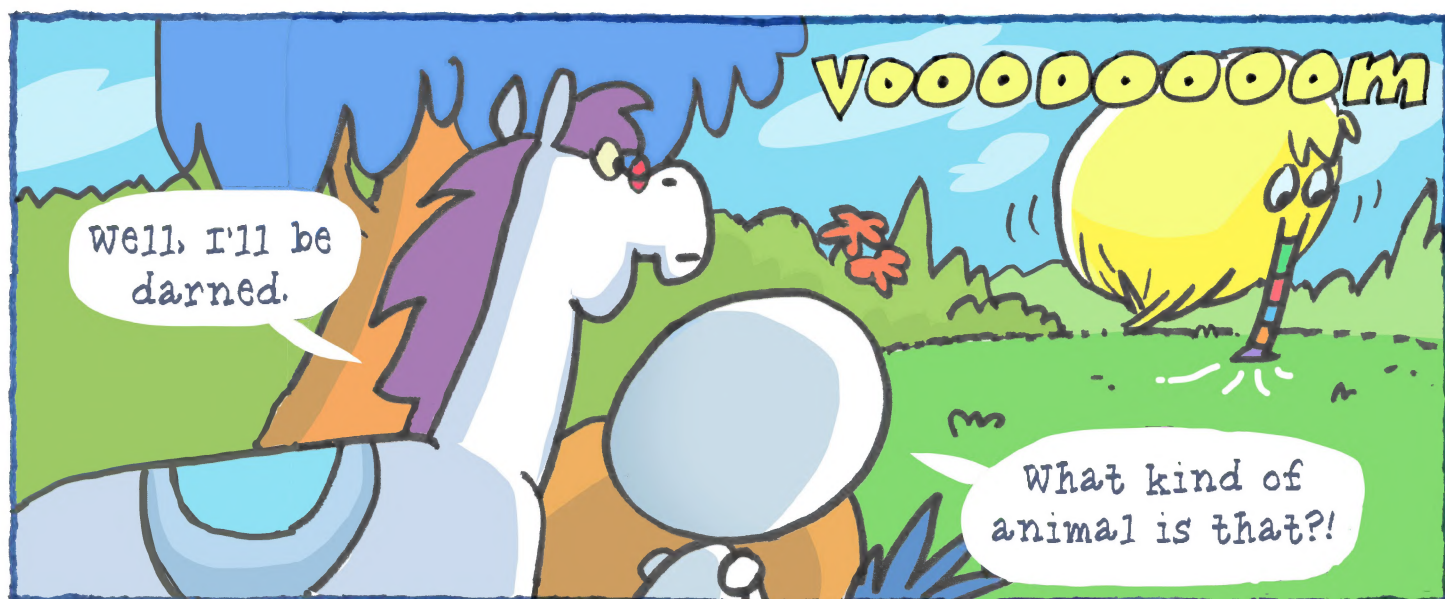
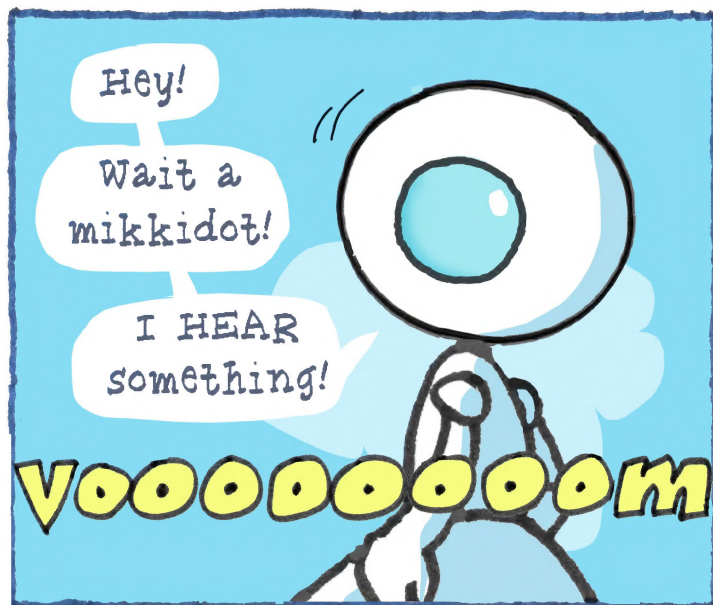
They were  
stolen!



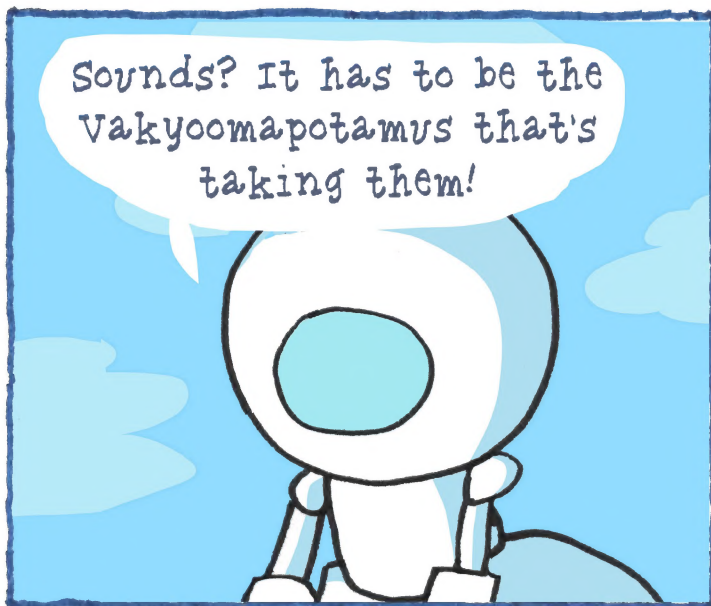
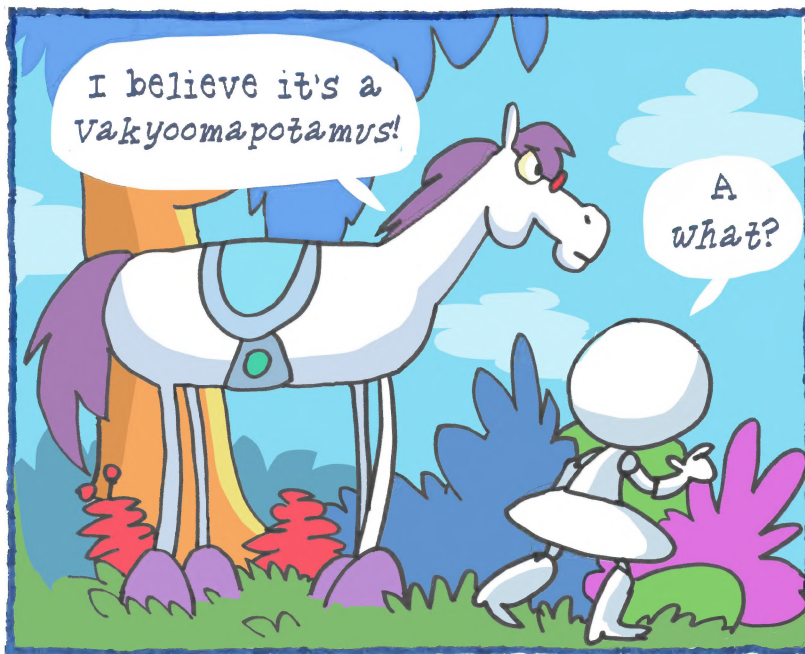




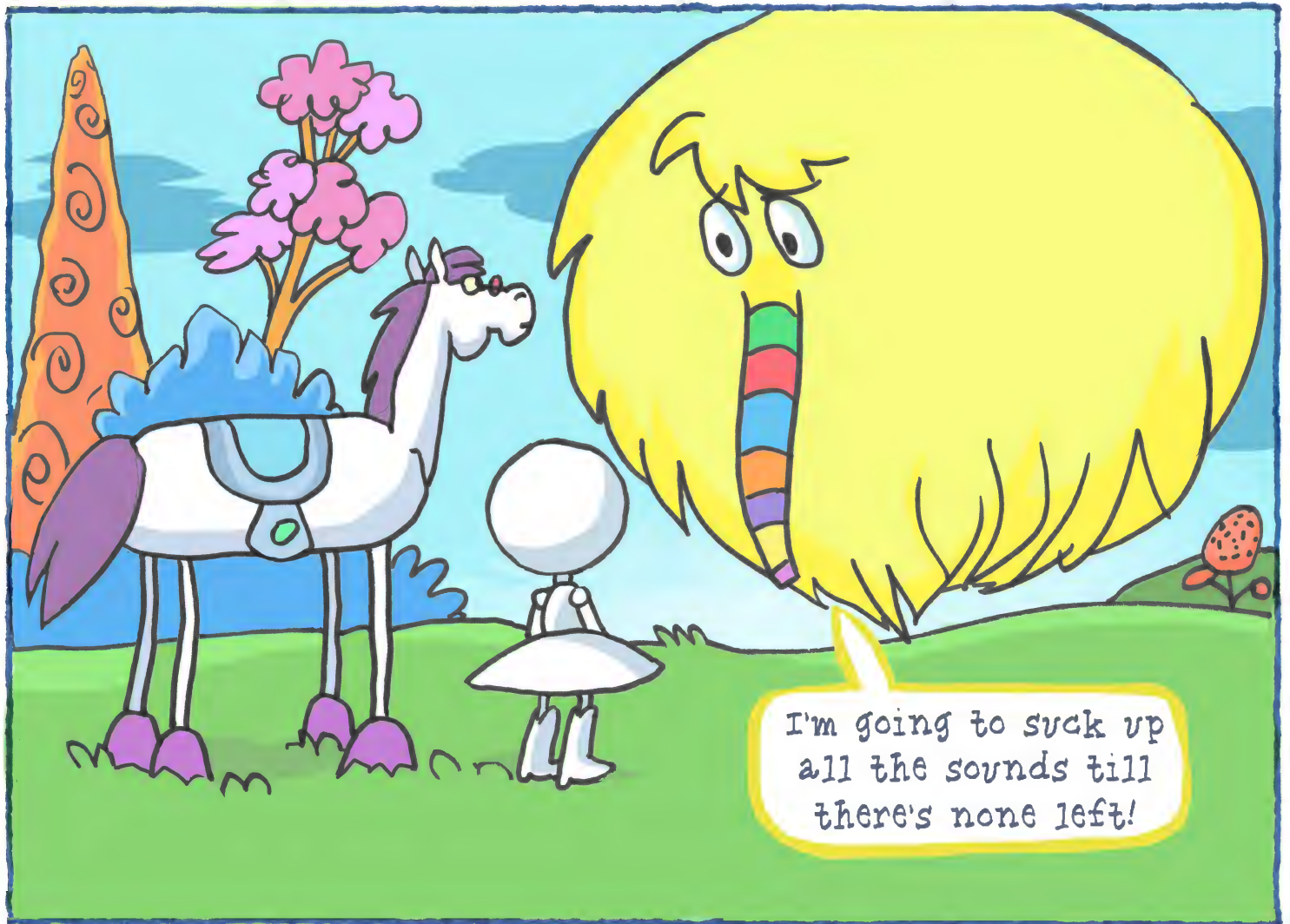




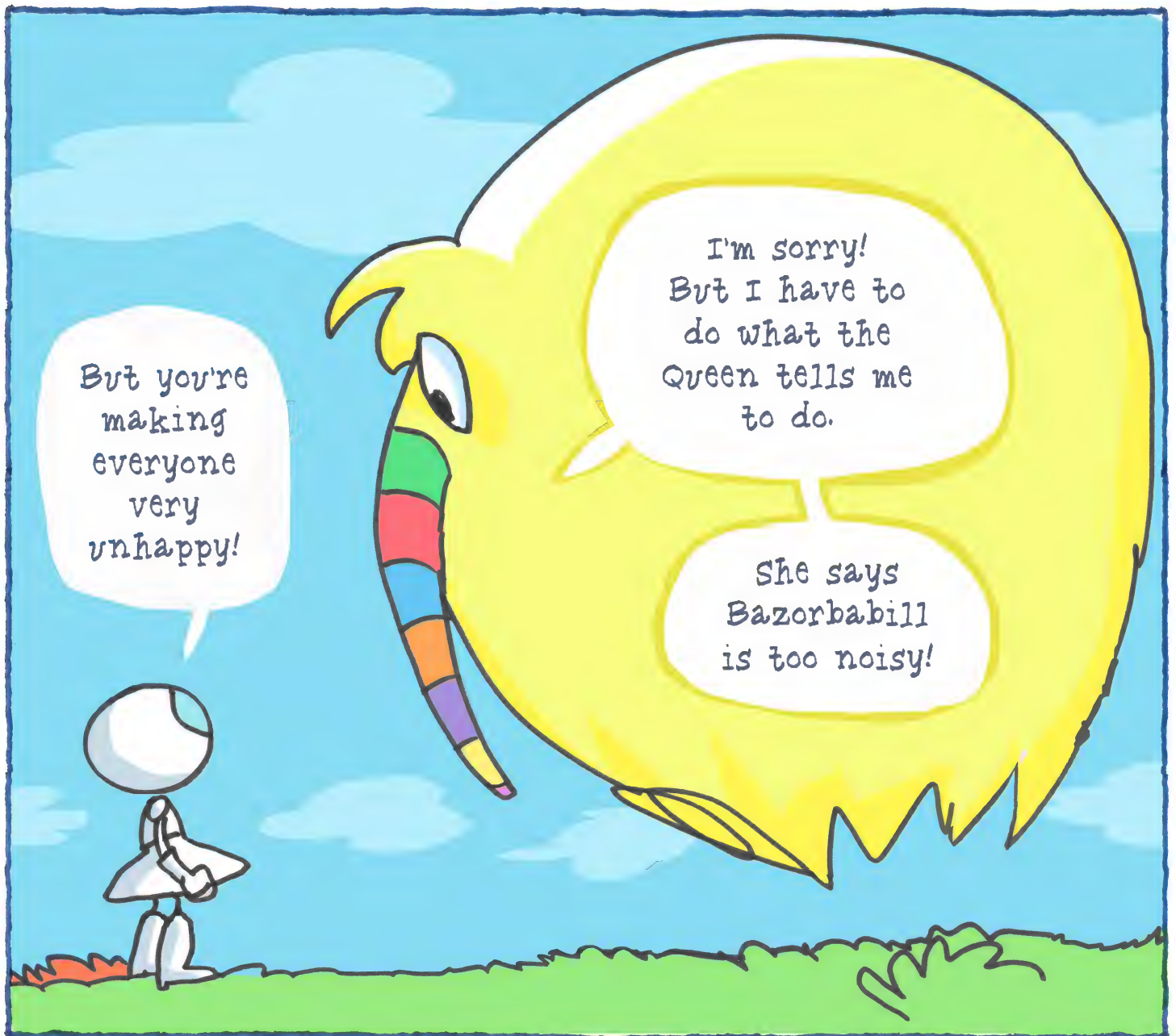
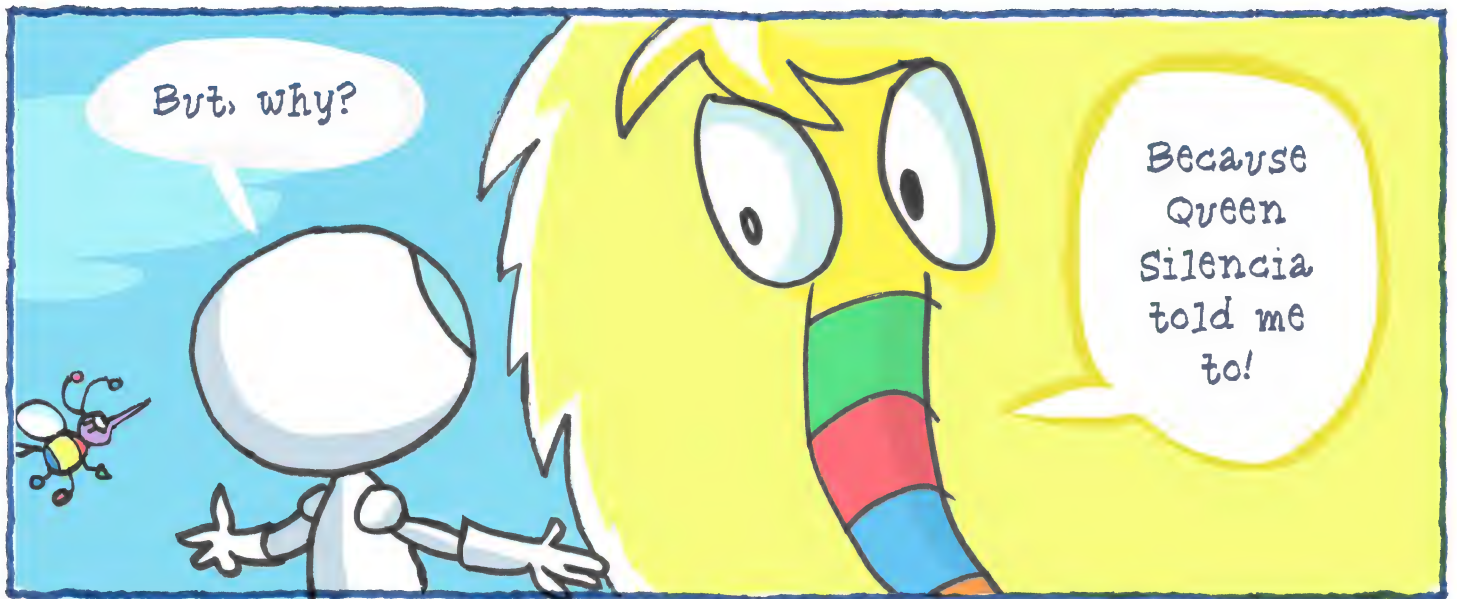




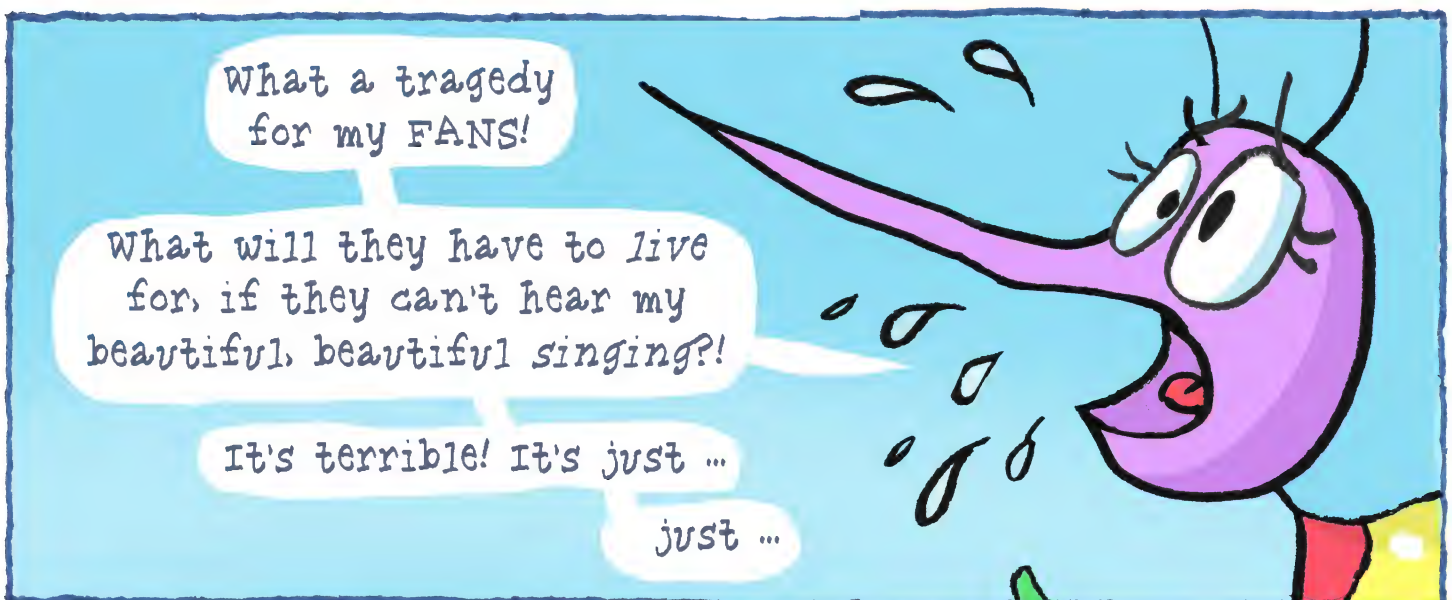
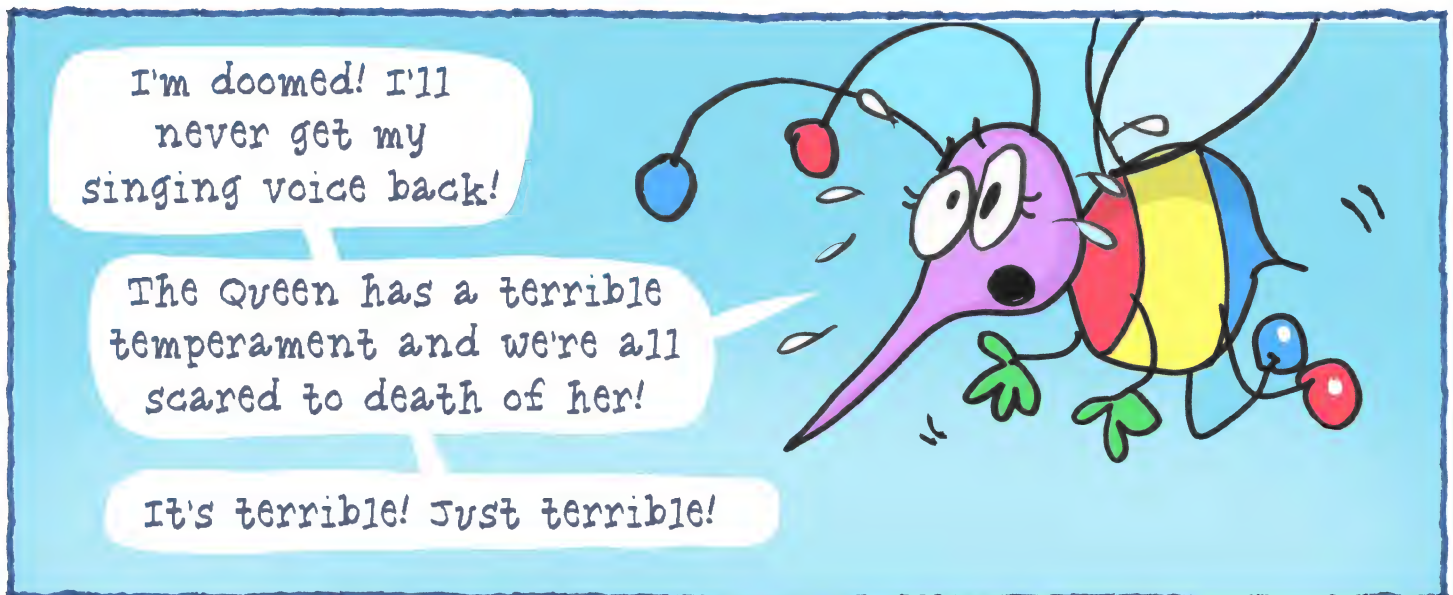
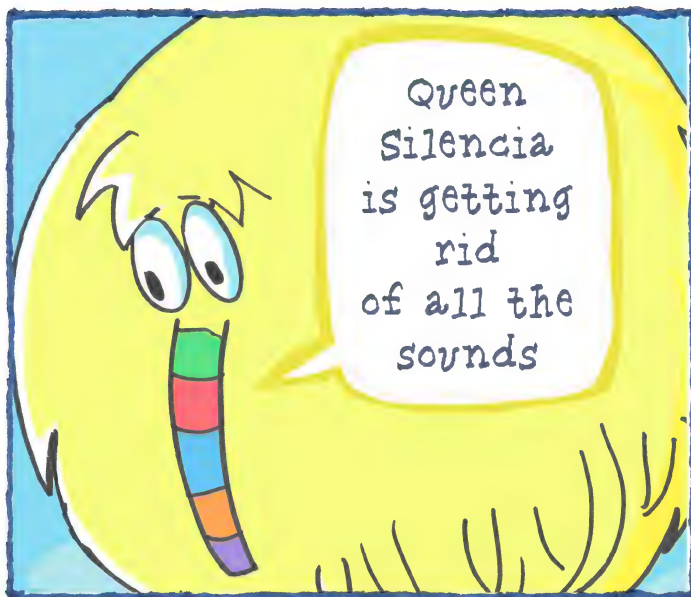




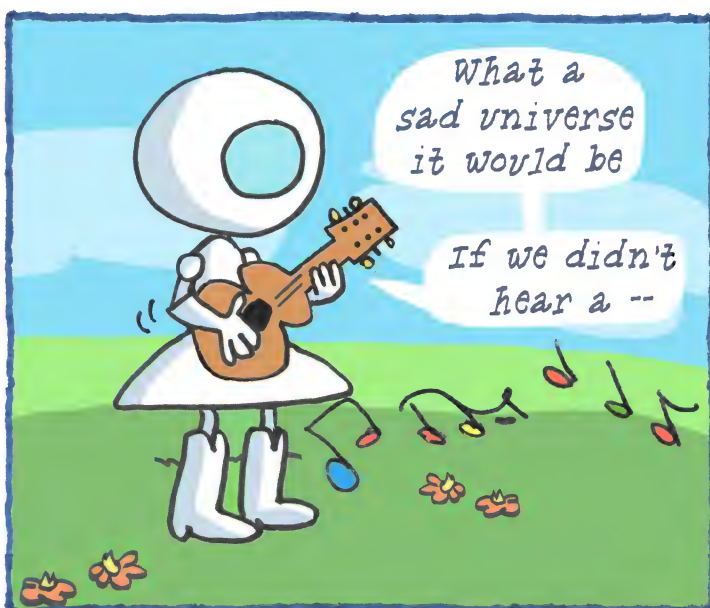
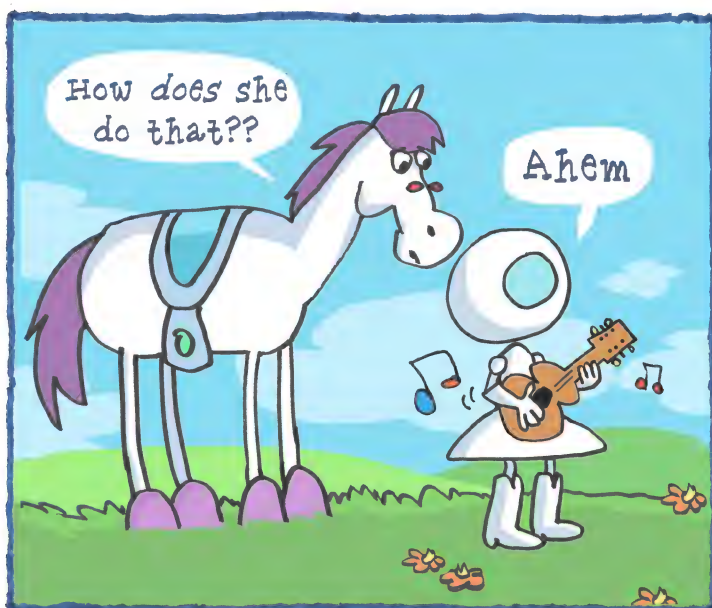
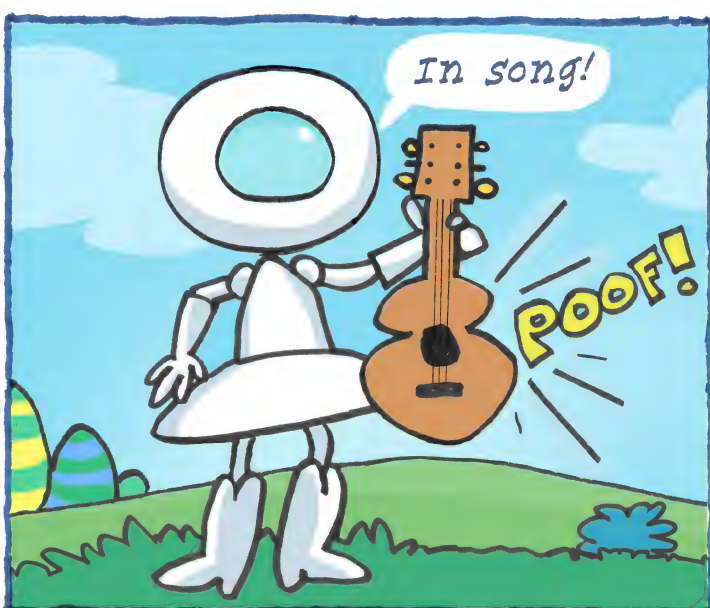
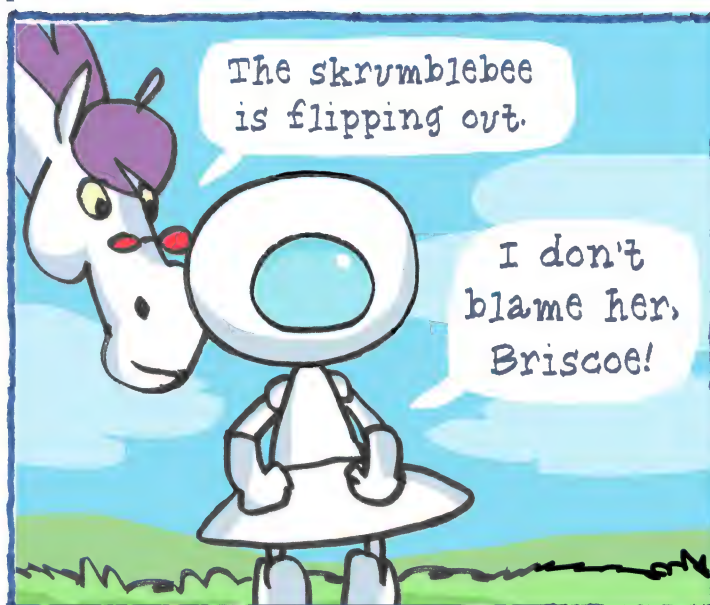





















I never  
saw  
it like  
THAT  
before!

I'm not going  
to DO this  
anymore!



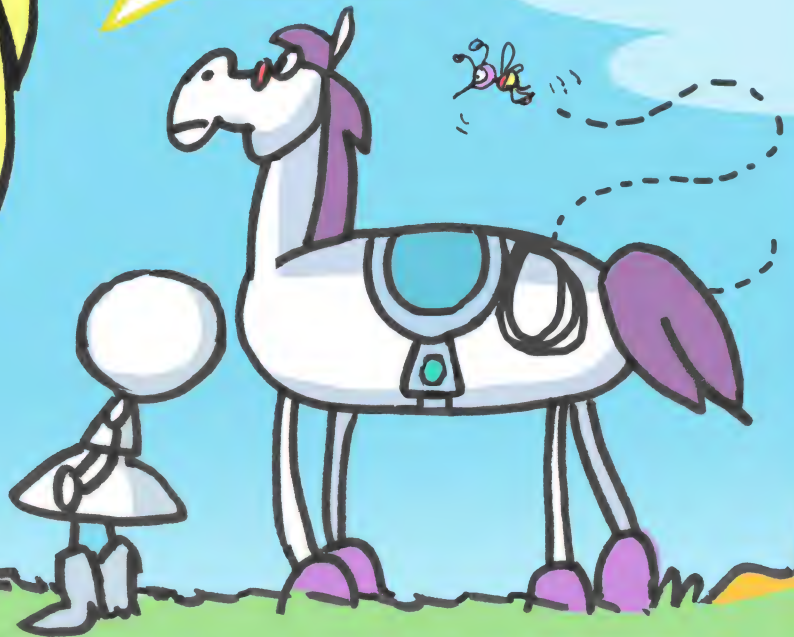
But what about  
the sounds you've  
already taken?



I'm gonna be in big  
trouble if I do this ...

But there IS a way to  
get things I sucked up  
out of me!

I'll need  
your help!





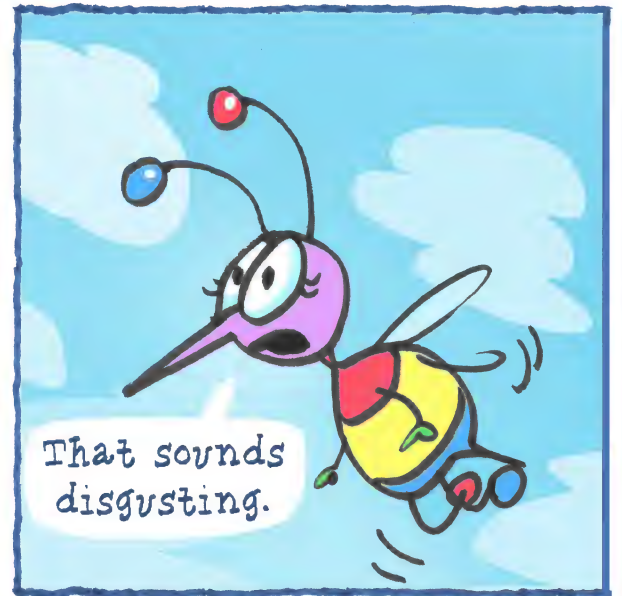


If you pull on  
my tail...

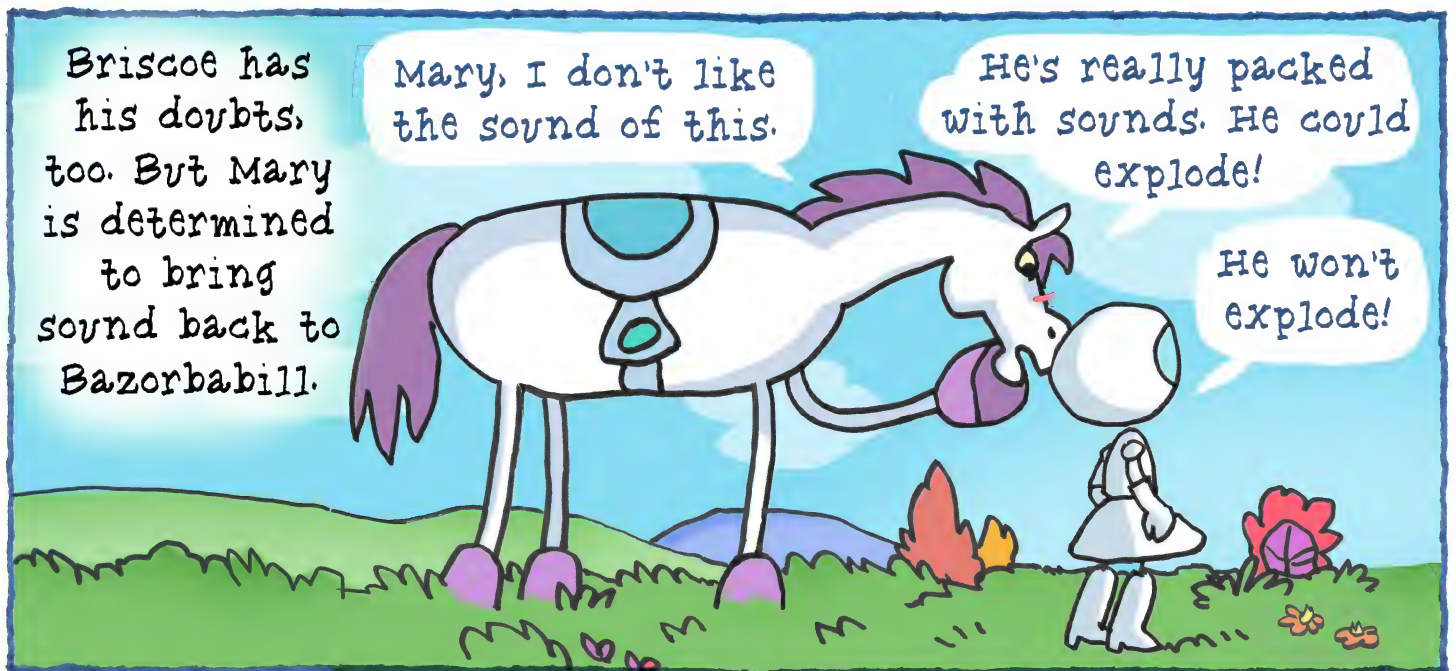
Really hard...



all the  
SOUNDS inside  
me will blow  
out my nose!



That sounds  
disgusting.



Briscoe has  
his doubts,  
too. But Mary  
is determined  
to bring  
sound back to  
Bazorbabill.

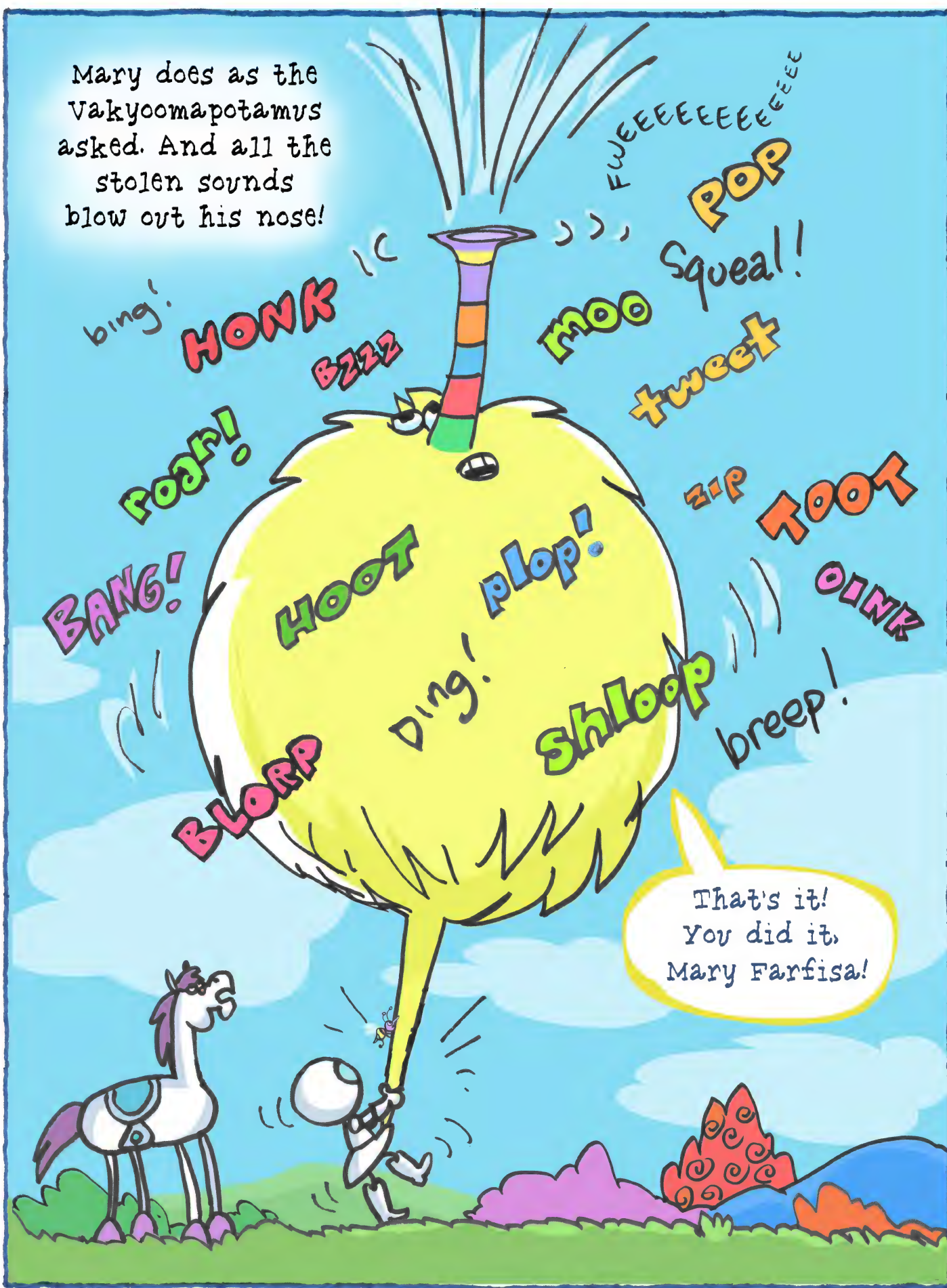
Mary, I don't like  
the sound of this.

He's really packed  
with sounds. He could  
explode!

He won't  
explode!



Mary does as the  
Vakyoomapotamus  
asked. And all the  
stolen sounds  
blow out his nose!



That's it!  
You did it,  
Mary Farfisa!



Sound after sound bursts out of the snoot  
of the Vakyoomapotamus!

Whoosh GROAN clank BOOP clicks Splat MOO POW  
blub ding! BAA meow wheeze crackle slurp  
WHISTLE WOOF pop GRUNT ZIP COUGH SQUEAK SHHHHHH  
creak mmm shlump cluck cluck BEEP GRRR! POP snore  
HISS PURR ZOOM SNAP ugh quack SMACK

And as  
they do, the  
Vakyoomapotamus  
gets smaller  
and smaller!

He didn't explode--  
he deflated!

He's all  
emptied out!



Will all those sounds  
find their owners again?



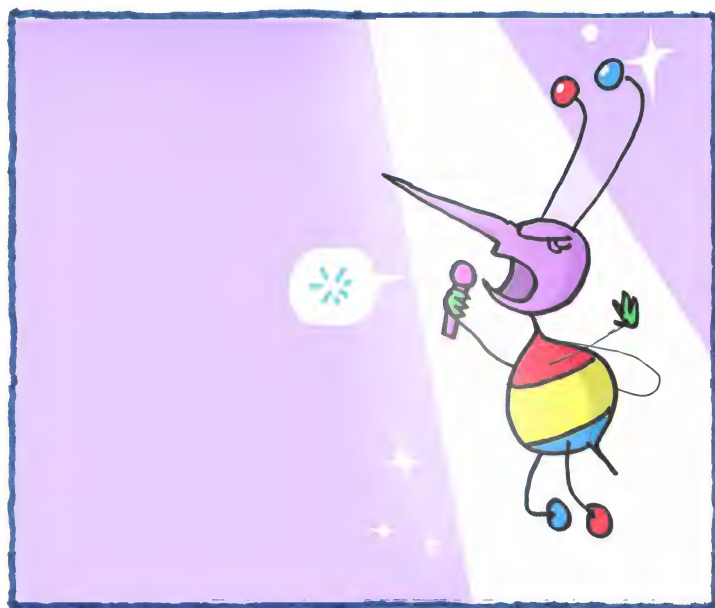
I think  
so!

Hey,  
listen!

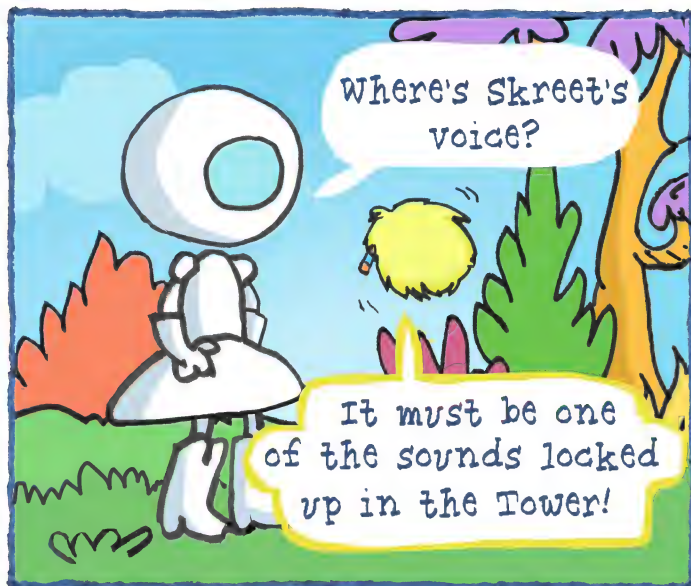


My buzz  
is back!









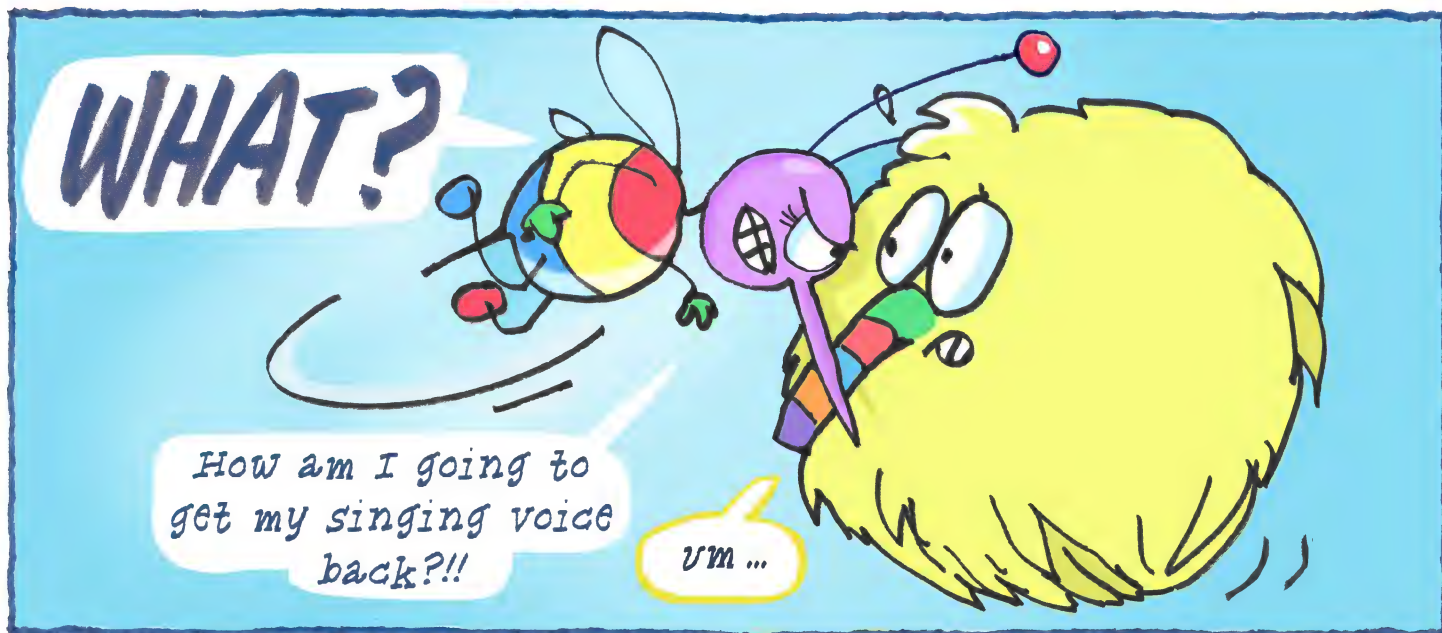
Where's Skreet's voice?

It must be one of the sounds locked up in the Tower!



I can't do anything about them!

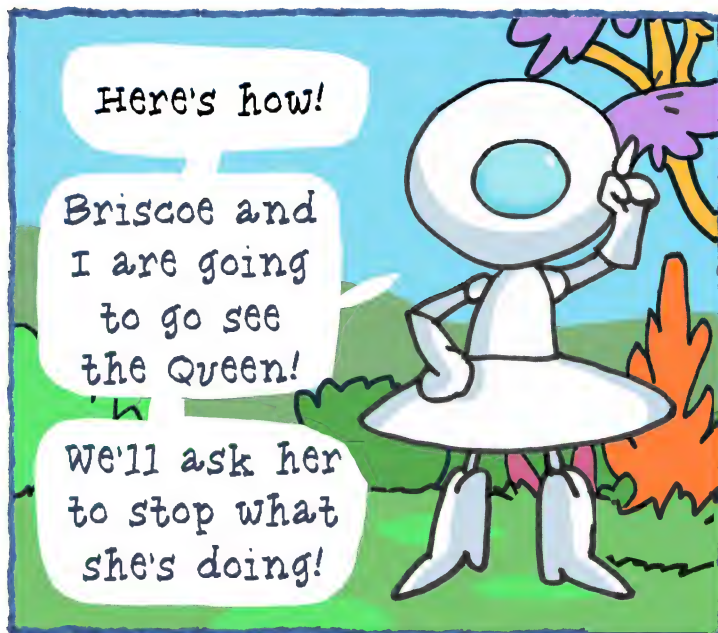
Only the Queen can release the sounds in the Tower!



WHAT?

How am I going to get my singing voice back?!!

um ...



Here's how!

Briscoe and I are going to go see the Queen!

We'll ask her to stop what she's doing!



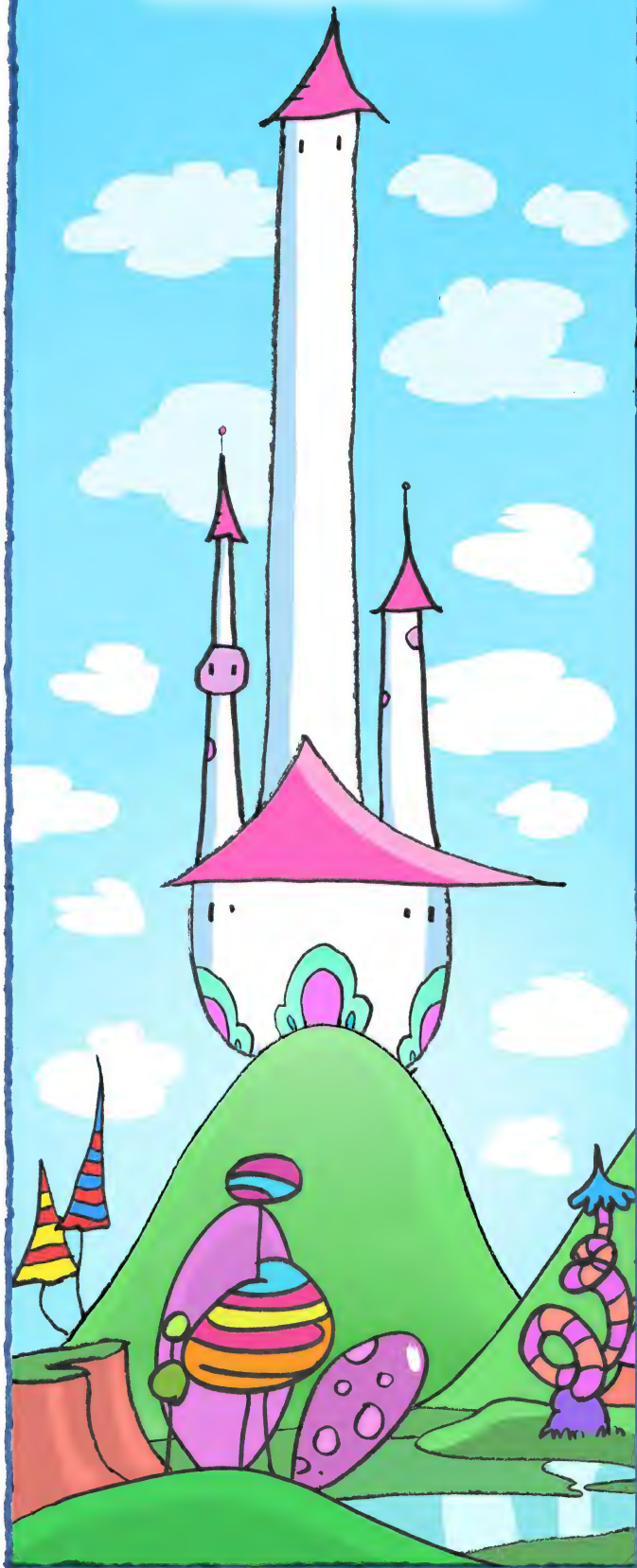
I knew she was going to say that.

You're going to the Castle?

I'm coming too.



Mary Farfisa, Briscoe and Skreet fly to the castle of Queen Silencia!



The palace guards won't let them in.



But we have to ask the Queen to set all the sounds free.



The Queen won't listen to you!

She never listens to anyone!

And nobody tells her what to do!





You can't tell  
the Queen what  
to do ...

... and if  
you try ...

... she'll say  
"SSSHHHHH -- "



QUIET, YOU!!





All seems lost until the guard suddenly recognizes Skreet. Apparently, he's a big fan!

... and your lovely voice is locked in the Tower?

That's terrible.

And so...

... remember, speak quietly!

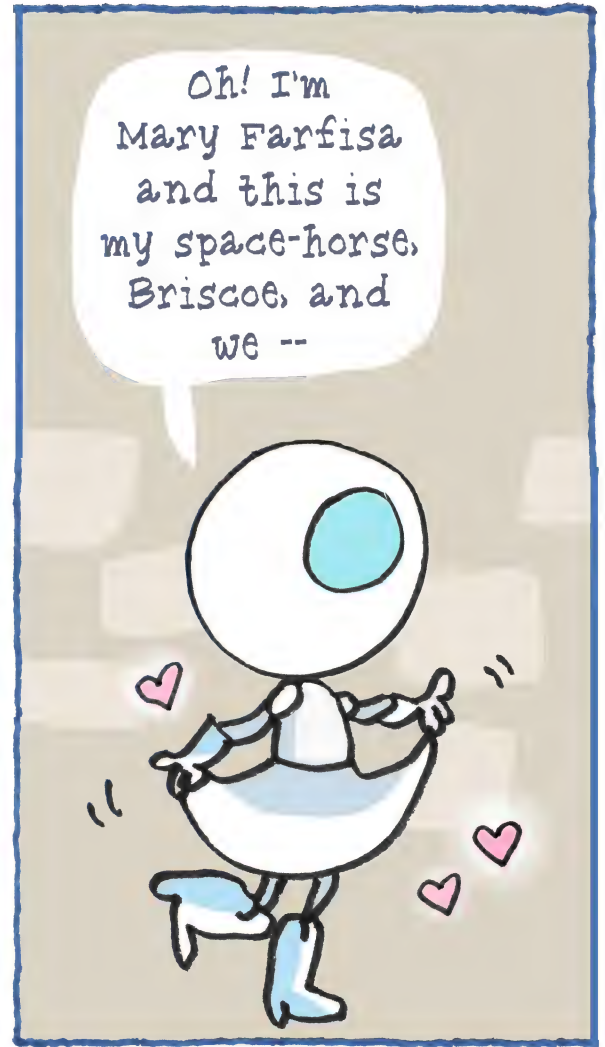
The Queen is as intimidating as everyone says! Her head is tall as a tree and it's covered with ears!

... And it would make everyone so happy if you would just give them their sounds back!

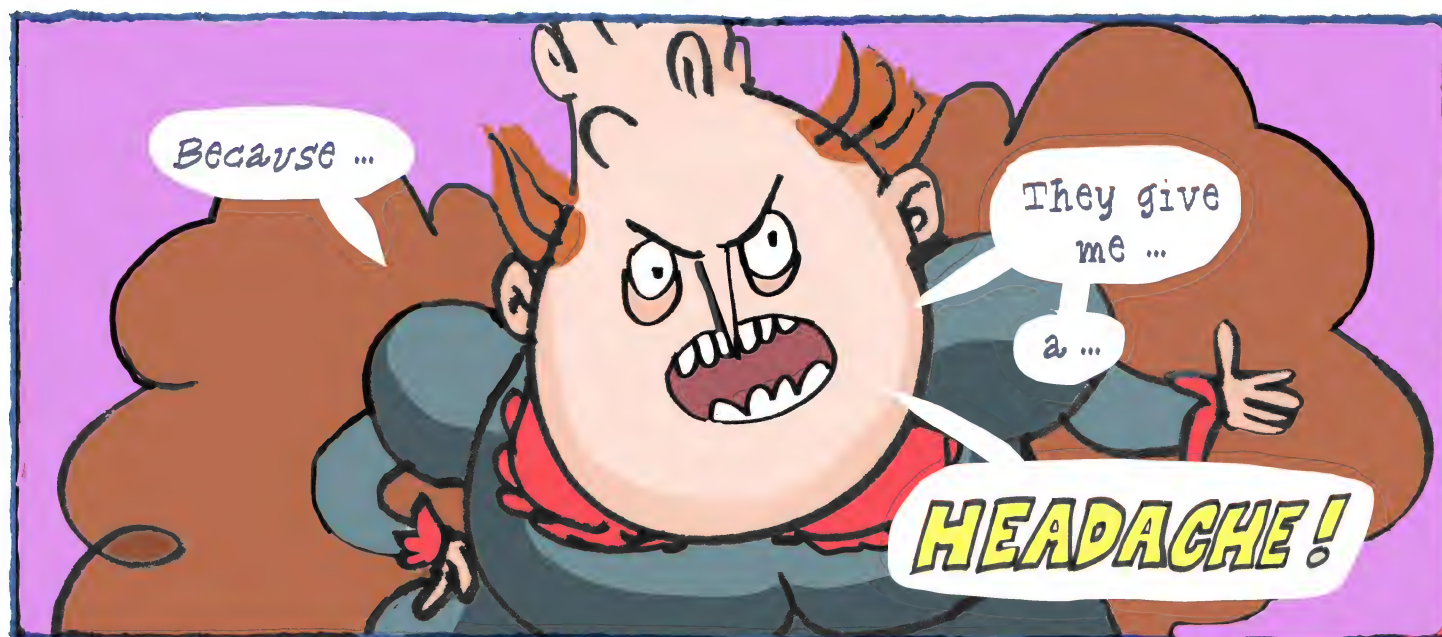
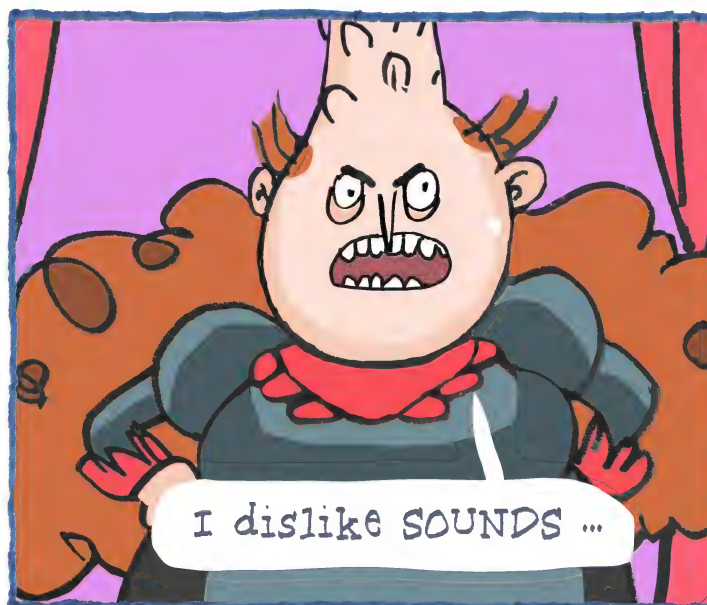
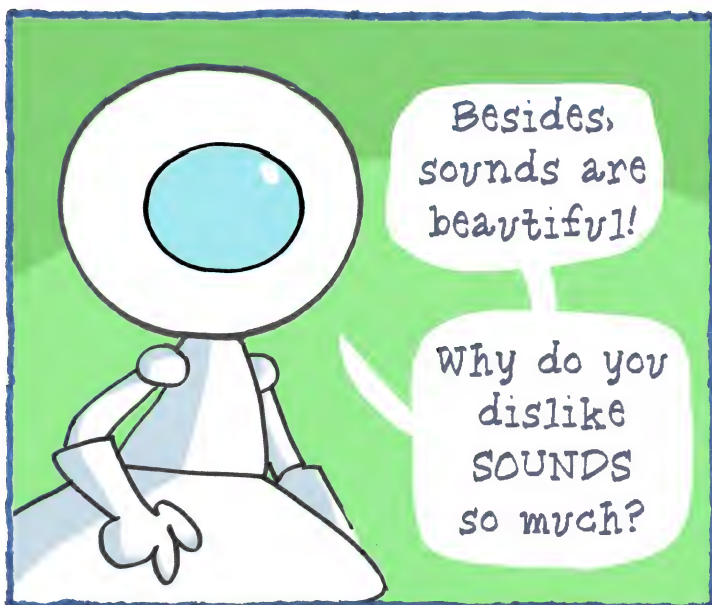
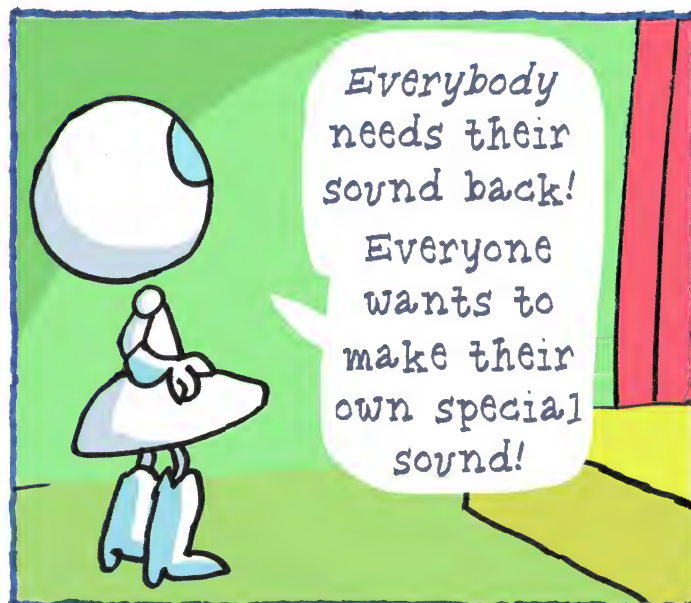
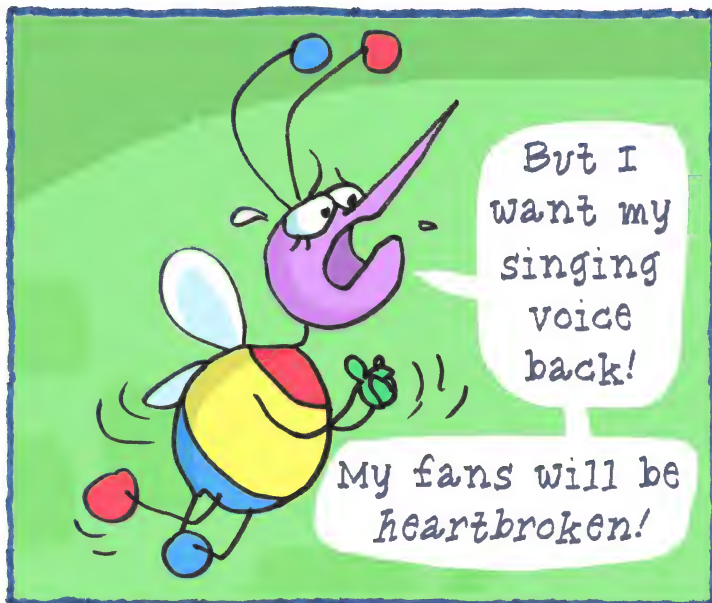
Pretty please.

I will NEVER release those sounds!

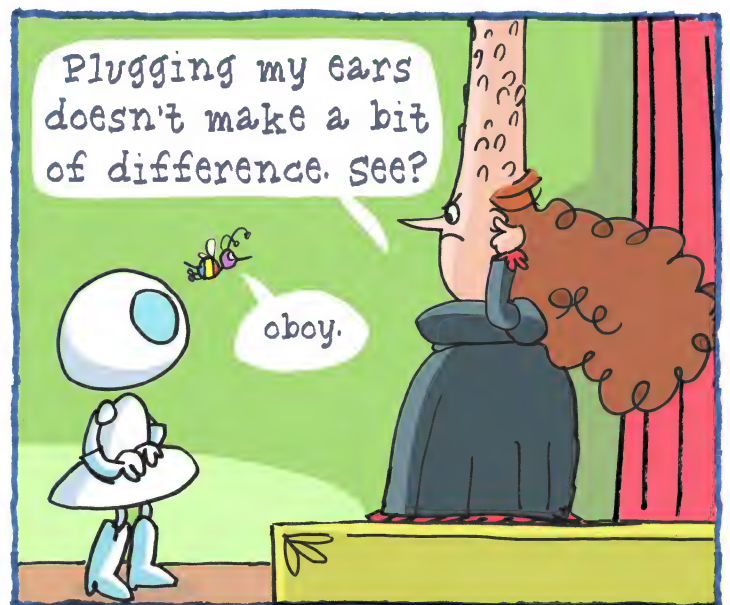
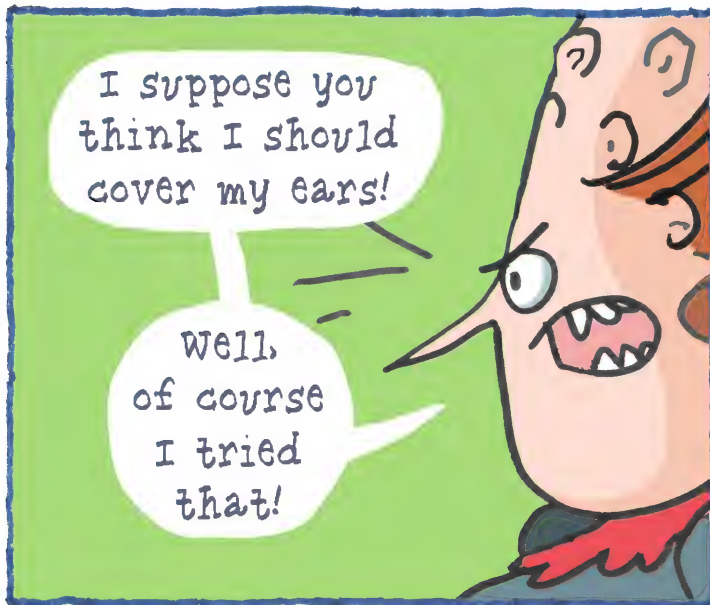




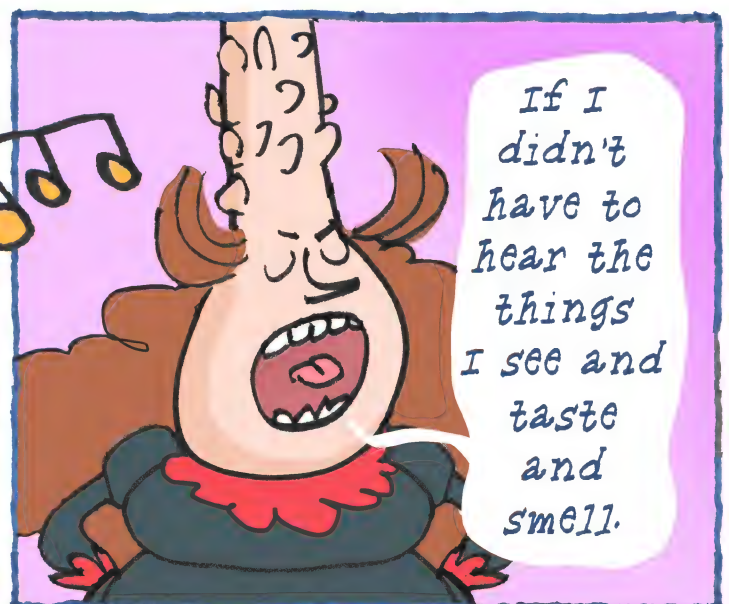
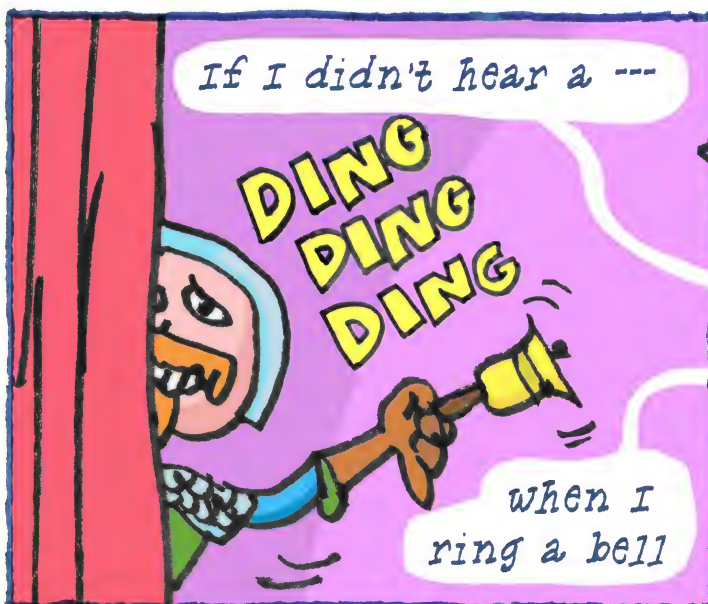
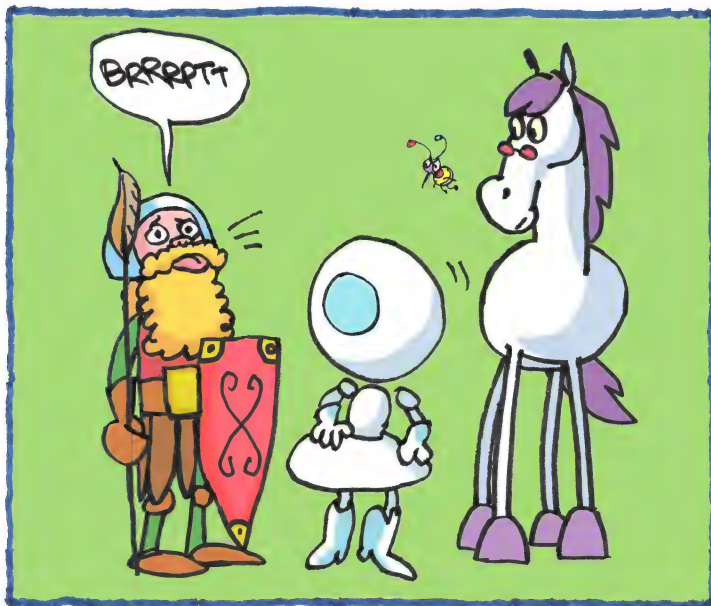




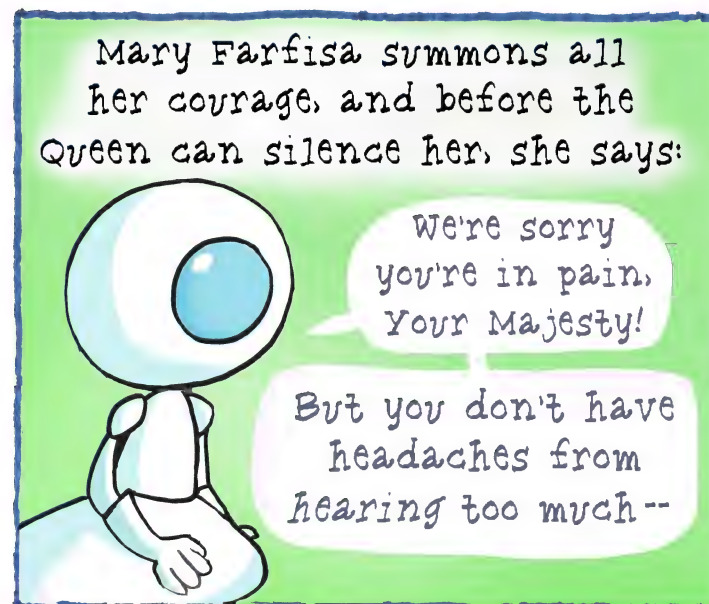
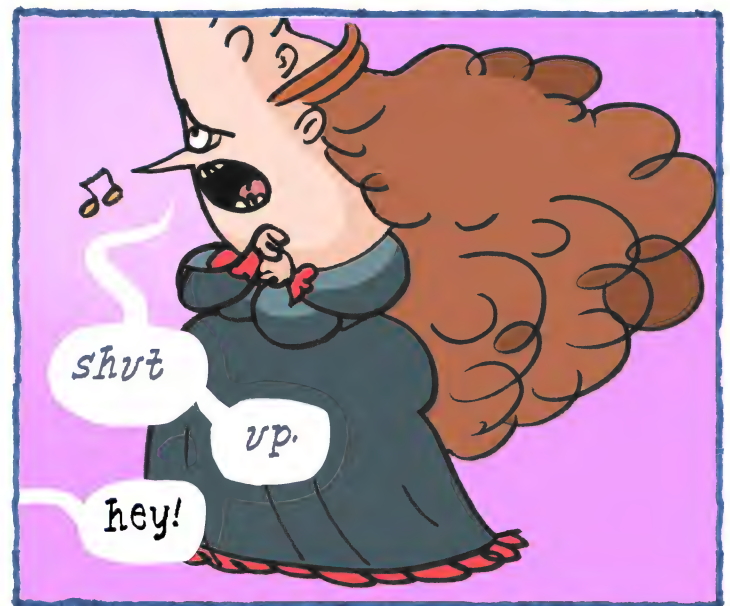
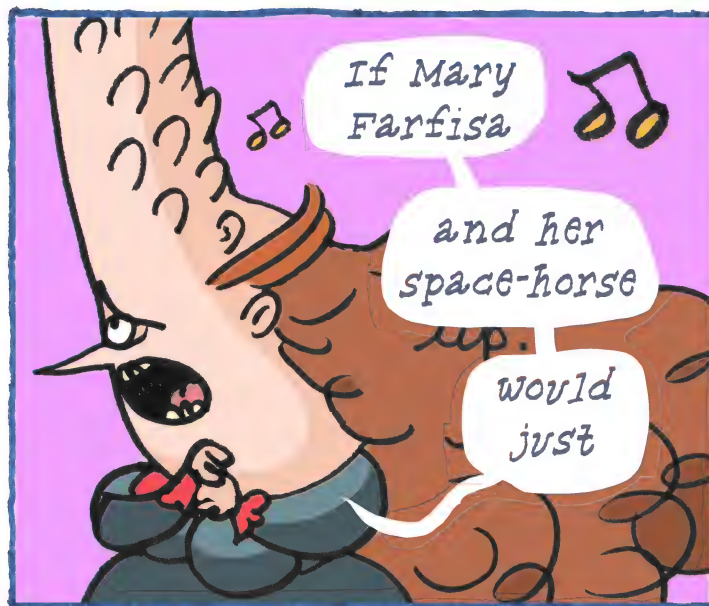




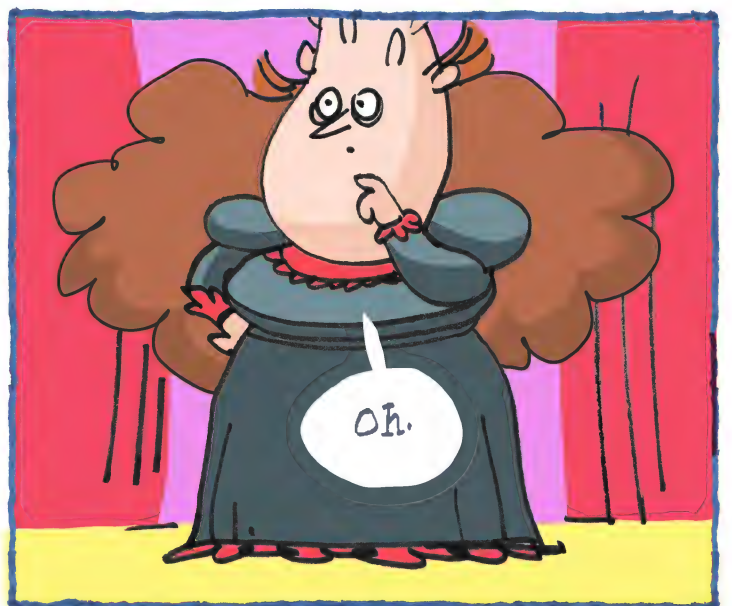
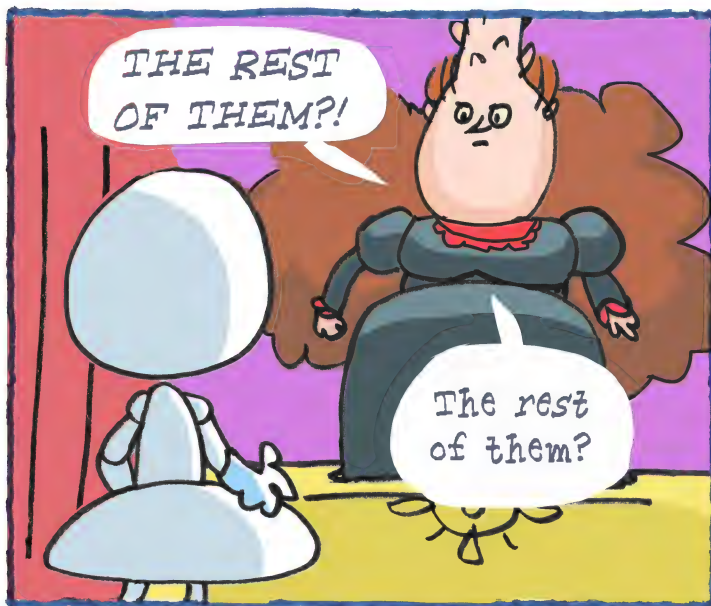














The guards have  
the solution!  
They've made a  
brand new crown  
for Queen Silencia  
-- a snug one that  
covers up all her  
ears but two!

They made it long  
ago but Queen Silencia  
said 'Quiet, you!'  
whenever they tried  
to tell her about it.

It works like a charm,  
and the Queen's headache  
fades away!

This is ...  
heavenly!

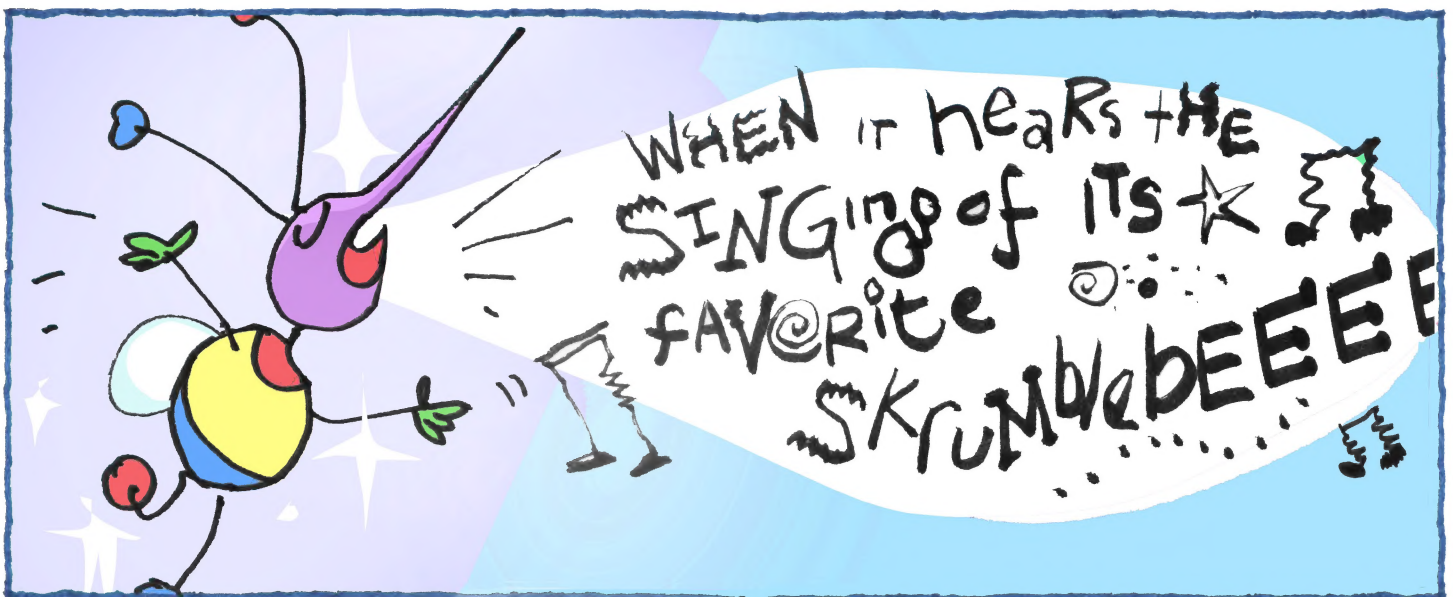






Queen Silencia is so  
pleased, she releases  
all the sounds in  
the Tower.









# MARY FARFISA

The adventure over,  
Mary and Briscoe return  
to Outer Space.

Back on Bazorbabill,  
when Queen Silencia  
went to bed for the night,  
she sighed, a sigh of  
perfect contentment.

And there was no  
other sound in the  
Galaxies ... exactly  
like that.

